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THE LACE-WORKER.

A STORY OF WEALTH AND WANT.

"I TELL you that I really must have it," said Lady Clare; "I have no other that will do. It is very old and valuable."

"I see it is, my lady," was the quiet, helpless answer of one who felt that circumstances were going against her, that they always did go against her, that she had almost given up hoping for a time when it would not be so. The lady before whom she stood turned and looked at her, when she spoke, with some little curiosity.

"You," she continued—"I suppose you know good lace from bad, or you wouldn't be able to mend it properly. And Messrs. Foley & Hudson recommended you very strongly to me as a cheap and good worker. You see this piece was torn by accident, and I have no other that matches it."

"If you could possibly give me till Friday, my lady."

Lady Clare made a gesture of impatience, as she replied: "How is that possible, when I tell you that I shall wear the dress to-morrow night? I have positively nothing else to wear."

The lace-mender sent a slight glance round the room. It might have occurred to her as strange that the occupant of such a room should have only one dress to wear. But the assertion excited no surprise; she was accustomed to hear it. Her glance was, however, only momentary; it came back to the figure of a lady seated in a low easy chair, with her feet on a footstool, and a look of annoyance on her face; and then it rested on the rug of velvet pile on which she stood, as though the flowers there had fascinated it.

"I have a little boy ill, my lady—wasting away in a decline," she continued; "so ill that—I hope you'll excuse me, but I've had no rest for three nights, and—"

But Lady Clare interrupted her hastily. She had been thinking herself a little injured by the woman's hesitation to undertake work which her ladyship had conceived it would be a charity to give her, and the hint about the sick child passed unnoticed.

"Messrs. Foley & Hudson recommended you," repeated her ladyship, "and gave me to understand that you would be glad of the work. If you cannot get it done in the time, I must find some one who can."

The lace-mender's eyes kept steadily on the flowers, though she scarcely saw them. She knew that she must sit up all night stitching; that the lad to whose waning life she clung, as mothers will cling, must cry to her in vain; and she also knew that if she did not undertake the work, some one else would. She could not afford to let slip a single such chance in her battle for him.

"Thank you, my lady," she at length said. "So I am glad of it; you can't know how glad; and I'll get it done in time. I'm a quick worker."

She went away, and Lady Clare leaned back in her easy-chair and took up a book. She had been interrupted at an interesting part, and was astonished to find her interest was gone. Somehow, she did not feel so satisfied as she had expected to feel about the lace. She should have it, of course, and be able to wear the dress fixed upon; so far the thing was arranged satisfactorily. But when she began trying to find out what was wrong, the woman's face came before her, and the woman herself seemed to be still stand-

ing, a shadowy presence, on the rug before her. It was such an old face, Lady Clare thought, when she recalled her own look up into it. It had such an expression of painful patience, worn-out resistance, passive, despairing resignation, as if for its owner there were no way out of the battle, no light to struggle by, hardly any hope of an end to the struggle. And then Lady Clare began to speculate about the lives of such women. It was a subject on which she knew nothing. Her life had been spent in the country; and this question, which had suddenly occurred to her respecting the homes of the London poor, was new ground, very vague and indefinite.

"How tired she looked!" thought her ladyship. "I wish I had offered her something. I never thought of it. And I wish I hadn't bargained with her about the price."

Then the speech, unnoticed at the time of its utterance, about the child who was ill, flashed across her mind. Lady Clare put down her book and looked into the fire. She had been warned a good deal against impostures. Was this one? Perhaps she thought of her own little boy, and grew tender-hearted at the picture of a child's suffering; perhaps the thought suggested itself, faintly as yet and scarcely acknowledged, that she need not have been so unrelenting about the lace; that, after all, it was just possible for her to do without it and wear some other dress. The thought grew clearer, and she reproached herself. She began to recollect certain cases of oppression which seemed, now she came to think of it, not so very dissimilar to this, and which had roused her harshest censure and indignation. Lady Clare walked from the fire to the window, wishing, with all her heart, that the lace-mender still stood there in reality, looking down with that strange, worn face upon the pattern which she scarcely saw.

"And I could have helped her," reflected Lady Clare; "and did not. Worse than that, I bargained with her. I should like to find out if she spoke the truth; if it was true about the boy; I wonder—I wonder—"

Whatever her ladyship wondered about, it did not take her long to make up her mind. A few misgivings troubled her.

Her husband was from home, and she could not ask his advice, or know what he would think of the expedition she meditated. She was a young woman, and in this case ignorant. Were the places in which the London poor lived quite fit for ladies to enter? As soon as this sentence had found a place in her thoughts, she rejected it angrily. She had not meant that exactly; but was there any danger in going to such places? Lady Clare thought not. She stood a little while longer, looking out upon the dusky foliage in the square below, and then, wisely or not, her mind was made up.

A short time after this her ladyship's carriage was standing before the plate-glass front of Messrs. Foley & Hudson's establishment, and a representative of the firm was speaking to my lady. He stammered a little in his reply to Lady Clare's request. He hesitated and rubbed up his hair, and looked uncomfortably round, in the hope of attracting one of his principals to the spot.

"The lace-mender!" he said. "Certainly he could give the address; but her ladyship—in fact it was not the sort of place for Lady Clare to be seen in."

"Why not?" asked my lady.

"Oh, ah! really—"

"Was it dangerous?" she asked.

"Dangerous?" he repeated. "Oh! no, unless, perhaps, it mightn't be quite pleasant at night."

"Well," said my lady, "'tisin't night now. 'Tis only a little past noon."

"Certainly," said he; "but could he take any message for Lady Clare?"

His glance fell upon the coachman and the footman as he said this, and also upon the maid, whom my lady had requested to seat herself inside the carriage, and it must have occurred to him that Lady Clare did not need to come to Foley & Hudson for a messenger; so he broke off suddenly, and stammered out the address for which he had been asked.

Her ladyship's carriage drove on; the coachman and footman exchanged sympathetic grimaces of wonder and disgust; her maid would have remonstrated, but that she was a shrewd young woman, and saw the expression of her lady's face in time to check herself.

The streets grew dingier and narrower,

the abigail's face more sour, and Lady Clare's more resolute. By and by a change began to come over the latter—a dilation of the nostril, a painful look of amazement and perplexity. What rows of hideous, tumble-down houses, overhanging the narrow streets, black with a perpetual scowl, humid with the unhealthy damps that rose up and settled upon them from the gutters below! What groups of miserable, squalid children, covered with rags, covered with filth, shoeless and stockingless.

"Those children! These the happy English children of the English poor!" broke involuntarily from Lady Clare.

Every now and then she passed a folding door, which she divined by instinct was the door of a gin-shop; less terrible in the day-light, for then these places lack the horrible glare that falls on gaunt faces and burning eyes; they are there, perhaps, all the same, but the day is more merciful to them than the fierce gas.

When the carriage stopped, Lady Clare turned to her maid, supposing that she would get out first; but no, she sat firm.

"I beg pardon, my lady," she said; "but I couldn't do it. I should be afraid; I should, indeed. I wasn't engaged to—"

"Very well," interrupted Lady Clare quietly, and her ladyship got out.

She stood in the wretched entrance of the house she wanted, at the bottom of the great oak staircase, which was rotting away by piecemeal. Once, slashed doublets and silken hose were often seen on that staircase; lords and ladies passed up it; lovers paused for a last word upon it; great names were bawled at the top of it into rooms where now sin and misery, hunger, and nakedness, and filth reigned, like Charles Mackay's cholera spectres, lords of the swarming town.

A sudden dizziness seized upon Lady Clare—a single, sharp, sickening spasm of horror and fear. What if the boy's illness were a reality, and bore about it the terrible poison of infection? What if she carried it back to her own boy? And then she remembered the woman's words, "wasting away like in a decline," and took courage.

But when Lady Clare got at last into the room where the lace-mender lived, her heart sank. She had imagined po-

verty, perhaps, but her idea of poverty was formed upon other models than this. There was no fire in the wretched grate. Drops of damp stood out upon the discoloured walls, and trickled down with shiny slowness upon the broken and battered floor. The chair, from which the woman rose with the lace in her hand, was the only one in the room, and it was broken. She would have offered it to Lady Clare, but the chances were that it would give way under the weight of one who was ignorant of its weak points.

My lady, seeing the hesitating movement, said, "No, no, pray sit down;" and then she went up to a heap of something in one corner of the room. This was a couple of flat boards raised from the floor by brick ends. Something which looked like an old sack was spread over them, and upon this, with a handful of straw for his pillow, and the gown which his mother had taken off for the purpose of covering him, lay the sick boy.

Lady Clare bent down to look at him. His dull eye lighted up a little as they rested upon the bright ribbon of her bonnet, and he put out his fingers to catch at it feebly, as he might have caught at a sunbeam. Lady Clare's face was very pale when she turned round to the boy's mother.

"I came," she said, "to say that you can take your time over the lace."

"Thank you, my lady," replied the poor woman.

The eyes of the two women met, and whatever else the lace-mender was about to say remained unsaid. There was something in the shocked and wondering pity of Lady Clare's face which seemed to stir up feelings long buried in the forgetfulness of despair.

"O, my lady!" broke out the woman, "it wasn't always so. And this place—such a place for you to—"

"Hush!" said Lady Clare, gently. "Are there many like this?"

"Worse, my lady," was the reply; "hundreds of them. I get work mostly, but not such as yours, first-hand. It comes through the shopkeepers, and they're hard to deal with. It pleases their customers for them to get things done cheap. They grind us down to the lowest penny, and if one won't do it another will, for you see we can't starve. But a press is worse than all."

"A what?" said her ladyship.

"A press, my lady," replied the woman, "that is when people want anything done in perhaps a couple of days that ought to take four, and then we have to sit up at nights to do them. It's the same everywhere. Before I was married I was a dressmaker's apprentice, and it was the same there. I've sat up till I couldn't see the stitches—till my head would sway from side to side and my needle go as it liked; and after that I've had to unpick the work and do it all over again. I used to think I shouldn't live long, but go off like the others did. Yet I have lived, you see, and I'm here. I don't complain—not often; I only think sometimes that if ladies knew how hard it is to do two days' work in one, they'd give me more time; and perhaps if they knew how dear cheap work costs us, they wouldn't want that either. I don't know. It is very good of you, my lady, to think about the lace, and I am very thankful—I am, indeed."

"To-night your little boy shall have a better bed to lie upon," said Lady Clare, "and he shall have some strengthening food. I hope to come again soon and find him well. I never knew—I never thought of anything so sad as this. I wish I could do more; I wish I could comfort you, and everybody like you."

Lady Clare then took out her purse, into her use of which we will not pry, and went back to her carriage with a very grave face, saddened at the thought of all the misery that exists in the world; thinking of the trite saying that "one-half the world knows not how the other half lives;" and thinking also that on one point, at least, she had learnt a lesson. By no carelessness of hers, by no whim or sudden fancy, should the additional straw ever again be laid upon the burdened shoulders.—*British Magazine.*

HOW LUTHER TAUGHT THE PEOPLE OF GERMANY.

AFTER fighting out his battle with princes, prelates and legates of the Pope, and especially after having done much to convince the people of Germany of the errors of the Romish Church, and to shake their faith in the priesthood, Luther set to work to instil into his fellow-country-

men a more vital religion, and to promulgate among them what were called "the new doctrines" of the Protestant Reformation. To effect this, he had a valuable assistant and fellow-labourer in his friend, the scholar Melancthon, and a still more powerful help in the recently invented printing-press, which could be employed in preparing books for circulation to enlighten the minds of the people as to their new privileges, and supply them with manuals of instruction and catechisms for their children, and, above all, to multiply copies of the Bible, of which he had prepared a translation in their native tongue, his greatest desire being that the sacred volume might penetrate into the humblest cottages in the land. This last was the main object for which he had contended; for, hitherto, the people had, as it were, been mocked by their priests, when, under the name of Scripture teaching, short portions only of the Gospel and Epistles had been read to them in Latin during the performance of the Mass, a language which they did not understand. Nothing, in fact, had been more carefully withheld from them than the contents of the Bible, the priests reserving to themselves the prerogative of being the medium through which only a small portion was transmitted to them and deemed safe for them to receive. Henceforth, on the contrary, the aim of Luther was "to drive the teaching of the Scriptures into the hearts of men, so that present and future generations might be replenished with it," and recognizing no right of the clergy to interpose between the hearts of men and their God, each man was to become "a priest unto himself."

Even with the help, however, of the few printing-presses then at work at Maintz, Strasburg and Frankfort, it was necessary to establish societies for circulating the books prepared by Luther and Melancthon, which were to be sent about by messengers and missionaries, who were enjoined to take with them *no others*, in order that the attention of the buyers might not be diverted. By means of those books, he endeavoured to instruct the several branches of society in their religious duties towards others—heads of families how they were to influence their servants, people in authority those under

them, and schoolmasters how to instruct the young in the various stages of learning so as to connect science with religion. He prescribed to each and all texts for the good ordering of their lives, providing appropriate ones for men and women, aged people and young children, men-servants and maid-servants, and gave them a form of blessing before meals and the thanksgiving afterwards, and for morning and evening benediction. Instructions were drawn up by Melancthon and approved of by Luther, which were sent among such of the clergy as had embraced the new opinions, for their guide in teaching and preaching to their flocks. They were urged not to perplex the minds of their people with difficult doctrines and controversy, but to propose as their aim the leading of men to inward religion, to faith and love, to blameless conversation, to honesty and good order. While rejecting many of the doctrines and rites of the Romish Church, they were to make it their chief merit to imbue the minds of their hearers more and more deeply with the genuine principles of Christianity, Luther deeming it as his highest praise that he *applied the maxims of the gospel to common life*.

Among other means of bringing about this end, Luther published a letter addressed to the Burgomasters and Committees of all the towns in Germany, exhorting them to establish Christian schools, in which the catechizing of youth should be carefully attended to, and the exposition of the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments, which he insisted on as of the highest moment, and he composed and printed a very useful little book, containing thirty-eight German Hymns, with their appropriate tunes, for the express purpose of conveying and fixing in the memories of the common people a great deal of religious instruction in a very concise and agreeable form. The subjects of these hymns were parts of the Catechism, leading articles of belief, prayers, thanksgivings—a summary, in fact, of Christian doctrine; and in the preface he advocated the custom of music in churches, on the authority of David and Saul, and explains that he had subjoined suitable tunes "to shew that the 'fine arts' were by no means to be abolished through the preaching of

the gospel, but that in particular the art of music should be employed to the glory of God."

We like to observe, too, that with all this zeal on the part of Luther for the promulgation of his own convictions, he shewed in a most remarkable degree, even at the moment when his cause had first triumphed, the spirit of toleration towards those who preserved the doctrines and forms of the Romish Church. In his instructions to the clergy he especially enjoined that "they should not preach against the Bishops," and recommended even that whatever of the old rites and ceremonies they could retain without violence to their consciences, they were to do so for the sake of conciliation and peace; and though the people were henceforth to be no longer forced to confess to the priests, yet he advised confession in cases where the conscience was burdened with any sin, and did not at first prohibit the performance of Mass in the Latin tongue, or the observance of saints' days and church fasts and festivals.

And very much of all this seed sown by the hand of one sower fell on "good ground," and sprung up and brought forth fruit a hundredfold; for it was the means by which there was implanted in the minds of the greater part of the German people, in North Germany especially, a deep and earnest religious spirit, which has survived even to the present day. To those who had long been under subjection to the Church of Rome, and whose minds had perceived the errors of its dogmas, and whose consciences had been oppressed by having to conform outwardly to rites and ceremonies for which they felt disgust, the deliverance brought about by Luther was an unspeakable boon and blessing. And the seed he sowed was scattered far and wide, reaching even our own country, where the minds of men had also begun to revolt from the arbitrary and soul-fettering rule of the Romish Church. Seed sown directly by the husbandman may not have fallen on English soil; but as the winged seeds of certain plants are borne upon the breeze and wafted away to remote nooks, there to take root and fructify, so did the teachings of Luther in Germany help in a great measure towards the establishment of the Reformation in England. S. W.

A LAY SERMON.

"And it came to pass, that, as they went in the way, a certain man said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head. And he said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Suffer me first to go and bury my father. Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou, and preach the kingdom of God. And another also said, Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go bid them farewell which are at home in my house. And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."—LUKE.

THESE words point to a new and gladdening phase in Christ's history. That wonderful life is beginning at length to tell upon men. Obscured before because of the mists of prejudice and ignorance in men's minds which rose up between them and it, here it begins to pierce those clouds, and is seen of men, rejoiced in, and in part apprehended. Men, at the sight of it, are smitten with a new ambition and longing. One after another presents himself to Jesus for a life of service to the same high aims. The whole scene is striking and suggestive, and deserves attentive consideration.

Three men offer themselves in this way. The first comes with the simple declaration, "I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." If the tones express confidence, it is only the confidence of intense, passionate admiration. The youth, as no doubt he was—for, alas! for many of us, it is youth only which fully knows what passionate ardour is—the youth has looked at that majestic presence till it has fascinated his gaze, and listened till the lofty life which Jesus has described has touched his heart, and his unprompted, irrepressible cry is, "O lead me to it—I am ready to follow thee!" No qualification mars the freeness of the offer, the wholeness of the act. No thought has he of terms—no dread of difficulties. One consuming desire possesses him, to enter at once upon the life of devotedness to God and man which Jesus has been pointing out, and to which he is so evidently the way. It was a burst of ardent, of passionate and uncalculating enthusiasm for truth and duty, such as must have made the great Master's heart throb to witness. It was

an unwonted sight. It was just the one to put new and needful hope into his desponding heart. "Men, then," he might feel, "are not utterly sunk and lost in worldliness and grovelling aims—in cold prudences and heartless calculations. The divine life of the soul, as in the olden time, has still power to inflame desire and call forth devotion." It might be conceived to have touched him even more closely. In that youth he beheld a spirit akin to his own. The freshness and warmth of his own early aspirations came back to his memory; and the life he was *now* living, what was it but that same spirit acted out? Receive him, then, and be his friend and guide—O how gladly would he do so!—That this was the train of thought which passed through the mind of Jesus seems implied in the answer he returns; for the thought of his own life which we have just supposed might seem here to make him pause. That life of hardship and infinite discouragement, the severity of which only himself knew—ought he to receive him to that *unearned*? That nature, so unjust to itself in its perfect unselfishness—was it for him to be unjust likewise? "Come," he says—"gladly will I receive you. Glad shall I be to enlist you amongst my friends and disciples. But do you know what it is to follow me? Do you know that foxes have holes, and birds of the air have their nests, but I have not where to lay my head? Are you prepared for such a life as that? Will not your passionate ardour soon be quenched in the fire of difficulty and privation to which it will be exposed? I want that soul on fire in my work—I want that self-forgetting devotion—but I want more. I want deliberate purpose as well as impulse. I want reflection as well as passion. Only a soul thus armed will be able to do my work, and be fitted to receive the reward."

Let me remark here, that this answer of Christ's opens up an affecting chapter out of his history. He is only stating a certain fact of his earthly life in that answer. He has literally *no* home. The most noxious, alike with the tiniest of God's creatures, is not worse off than he! You, with ever so humble a home, think of this. Your great Master, whose name you are glad to bear, was worse off!

You, in view of your own hard lot, and of the sacrifices you are called upon to make, and of those you will not make—think of his infinitely great sacrifices, made without a murmur. That such sacrifices should ever have been exacted of him who was at once the world's greatest, and the world's greatest benefactor, marks, on the one hand, a dark stain in the history of the world; but that they should have been made patiently and cheerfully, makes, on the other hand, a bright fact for us; for it teaches us by his own illustrious example, that a life of the greatest sacrifices to God and duty is not only possible, but has ample compensations, such as our own want of faith alone prevents our seeing; and indeed it is only when we come to die that the cloud is removed, and we acknowledge that "wisdom" is justified of her children."

But to proceed. There is, as I have hinted, an evident complacency of soul in Jesus as he regards this young man. He is pleased with his frank, free offer, his eagerness, his warmth of expression; and if, by his words, he appears inclined to discourage his choice, it is only, in fact, that he might strengthen and confirm him in it.

But now, behold a change!—and yet no change, for it is only another phase of that character which marks him off as the greatest and completest of men. Is it not so? What would you say of any one who should go through the world with an unvarying blandness of tone and manner—with a smile and ever a smile on his countenance? Would you not say such a spectacle was for heaven, where perfectness is—not for earth, where foul things lurk and foul deeds are done. Approval and smiles, if they have place here at all, must be reserved for choice men and words and deeds—not bestowed indifferently upon good things and bad. Let us mix all the kindness we can with our thoughts of our fellow-men; let us possess ourselves to the full, if possible, of that charity which "hopeth all things" and "believeth all things"—for our own sakes let us do so, for God only knows how soon we may want the same kindly judgments for ourselves: but still there is always a large residue left of tempers and acts which no charity can ex-

cuse, and upon which we can only frown; or if we should fail to frown, we shall have good reason to fear that we have ourselves passed into that condition which sees no difference between good and evil—that fearful condition, forsaken of God and worse than any particular sin, so aptly described in Paul's writings as a "reprobate mind."

I repeat, behold a change! Two other men present themselves on the same errand, but how differently received! We have here only the words which Jesus used, but it is easy to trace the difference. You might imagine raised, ringing tones—you are sure of an indignant energy of speech and manner. "You want first to go and bury your father? Let the dead bury the dead. You want first to go and consult your friends? Go—and forfeit the kingdom of heaven."

Do you think, now, that these words are to be taken without qualification? Do you think Jesus wanted to discourage respect for the dead? Do you think he wanted to dissuade that young man from his filial task? And that other young man—do you think Jesus wanted to quench in him the sparks of natural affection? You might *almost* think so from the use that is often made of his name. From the war that is kept up on our nature in his name, you would think it was your first, best, holiest duty to suspect and keep back the outflowings of natural energy; and you would hold it as nothing in the account that these same energies, in their varied and thrice-beautiful flow, formed the constituents of our choicest pleasures. But do you really think that this was what Jesus meant; and that it was, in fact, a something quite alien to our nature that he wished to enforce as his religion?

If you do, reject at once the Christ and God dishonouring notion!

Jesus is not marking off contrasts here, but drawing comparisons. "Let your nature flow forth," he might be supposed to say; "keep not back its free, its swelling and joyous tides. The time will come, indeed—in heaven—when you will have nothing to do but to surrender yourself to these tides, flow they whithersoever they will. But at present you have another and higher law. That is good, but duty is better. That is lordly,

but duty imperial. Duty has sovereign, incommunicable rights. Not obtrusive, and leaving a large margin for the play of your natural energies, she is yet, in her own sphere, a jealous mistress, suffering no rival—an absolute sovereign, knowing no will but her own. In that sphere she will not postpone her claims to your convenience, nor defer them for your approval. She demands *prompt* obedience—she will not let you first go and bury the dead. She demands *implicit* obedience—she will not let you first go and consult your friends. When she speaks, she claims to be heard—in what she commands, she claims obedience.”

Such the sovereign which Jesus presented for their acceptance. Was he stern in manner, abrupt in speech, as he did so? Could he be otherwise? What was it, was the austerity of the jealous God, his Master and ours, reflected in the face and form of his chief servant—as it was indeed his life through. Wherefore, think you, that life of austerity, of voluntary isolation from all earth’s joys and comforts and pleasant ambitions, if the Master whom he served were not Himself austere? But while it was a reflection of this austerity, it was partly, in this instance, indignation with the men whom he was addressing. Jesus *has* tolerance, as we have seen, for human nature willing, but in its over-confidence weak; but for such a state of mind as these men presented he has no tolerance. Conscience within them has pronounced, in decisive tone, the single word, Obey—and they answer by procrastination, as if she were to be bought off, to be obeyed at will, to be superseded, if needful, by convenience or pleasure. Duty’s awful form stood right before them, and they deny her to her face. It was an outrage on duty not to be patiently borne, least of all by him. For if duty were thus easy and yielding, why his life so needlessly severe? Why alone stern to him, her most willing and faithful servant? But stern as was his manner, it was just the way to do them good. It checked loose thoughts of duty, crushed hesitation and vacillation in the bud. It taught them, once and for ever, the paramount, supreme, irrefragable rights of sovereign duty.

The subject has one simple but all-important lesson. Make Duty paramount.

Admit no rivals to her throne. She has rivals who would fain unseat her. Other lords desire to reign, and some of them look like lords. Did not natural affection, natural instinct, look like lords, think you, to these young men? Rightful lords do some of them look, and *are* so. Rightful lords do others look, and *are not* so. But, rightful in seeming or reality, your sovereign is none of these, but Duty. And this sovereign you must obey implicitly. There must be no reservations, no holding back. If she says, Do *that*, you must do *that*. If, *to-day*, you must do it *to-day*. If, *this* moment, you must do it *this* moment. You must obey her without mistrust. You must not say, *This is hard*, *this unreasonable*, *this unnatural*. You are safe in trusting her. She, be assured, will introduce no element of discord into your nature. Your highest instincts, your purest emotions, your profoundest reflections, will only confirm her mandates. Duty is, in one word, the *philosophy of human action for you without your trouble of elaboration*. Whether you see this or no, still trust her. And do not think of her as a far-off sovereign, only dimly present to human perceptions. Her voice may always be heard and distinguished. Ah! heard and distinguished, whether you heed or no. She will not cease to command because you cease to obey. Whether you heed or no, her voice may always be heard—imperious, but soft as the gentlest zephyr, if you obey; like an echoing thunder-clap, if you obey not. Above the dulcet tones of pleasure lulling to sweet repose, and above the wildest surgings of passion, it rises strong, clear, commanding; and in its awfully thrilling accents seems to say, “As for your very life, obey!”

But is the picture complete? Is duty, which is your law and mine, such only as I have described it, viz., a voice, or, if you like, a *will*, inflexible, imperious, tenacious, jealous? Is that all that it is? Listen, then. At various points of the coast around our island, there glimmers in the thick darkness of night a light—lofty, lonely, serene. Was that light placed there to catch the mariner’s eye just because some one had so *willed* it? Yet the mariner sees it, steers towards it, and is guided into a haven of security and rest. Friendly the light, then, and

welcome its beams! At various other parts of the coast there shall fall upon the mariner's ear, in the awful hush and darkness of night, the solemn tones of a bell. Was the bell placed there to catch the mariner's ear merely because, again, some one had so *willed* it? Yet the mariner hears it, turns his helm from it, and is saved from shipwreck. Friendly the bell, then, and welcome its tones! That light, that bell, is Duty. It signals danger worse than the worst shipwreck, on the one hand; it guides to eternal safety and rest, on the other. O then, did I speak of *duty* as if it were imperious *will* merely—as if it were an impersonal thing, an abstraction? Then let me say *Duty* no more, but the *living God*, our Father—for surely love lingers in tones which direct us to heaven, and which warn us from hell! It is our Father in heaven who speaks to us in the guiding, warning voice of Duty. O then, let us see to it, since it is He that speaketh, that He speaks not to us in vain!

Halifax.

J. S.

WORDS O' CHEER.

(Given under the Inspiration of Robert Burns.)

Guid Friends:

Altho' not present to your sight,
I gie ye greeting here to-night;
Not claiming to be perfect quite

Frae taint o' passion;
Yet will I hauld my speech aright,
In guid Scotch fashion.

O could some cantie* word o' mine
But make your careworn faces shine,
Or cause the hearts in grief that pine
To throb with pleasure,
Then wad my cup to auld lang syne
Fill to its measure.

The gracious Powers above us know
How sair a weight of want and woe
Must be the lot of those who go
Through earth to heaven;
But aye the life aboon will shew
Wherefore 'twas given.

And that guid God who loves us a',
Who sees the chattering sparrow fa',
Will never turn His face awa',
Though you should stray;
But all His wandering sheep will ca'
Back to the way.

* Cheerful.

So muckle are the cares o' men,
That Truth at times is hard to ken,
And Error to her grousesome den,
So dark and eerie,
Wiles those who have na heart to men';
Puir wanderers weary.

Alack! how many a luckless wight
Has gane astray in Error's night;
Not that he had less love for right
Than countless ithers;
But that he lacked the keener sight
Of his guid brithers.

Lo! Calvin, Knox and Luther cry,
"I have the Truth"—"and I"—"and
I"—

"Puir sinners! if ye gang agley,
The de'il will hae ye,
And then the Lord will stand abeigh,
And will na save ye."

But hoolie, hoolie!* na sae fast;
When Gabriel shall blaw his blast,
And heaven and earth awa' have passed,
These lang syne saints
Shall find baith de'il and hell at last
Mere pious feints.

The upright, honest-hearted man,
Who strives to do the best he can,
Need never fear the Church's ban,
Or hell's damnation;
For God will need na special plan
For his salvation.

The One who knows our deepest needs,
Recks little how man counts his beads,
For Righteousness is not in creeds
Or solemn faces;
But rather lies in kindly deeds
And Christian graces.

Then never fear; wi' purpose leal,
A head to think, a heart to feel
For human woe and human weal,
Na preachin' loun
Your sacred birthright e'er can steal
To heaven aboon.

Tak' tent o' truth, and heed this well:
The man who sins makes his ain hell;
There's na waurse de'il than himsel';
But God is strongest;
And when puir human hearts rebel,
He haulds out longest.

With loving kindness will He wait,
Till all the prodigals o' fate
Return unto their fair estate,
And blessings mony;
Nor will He shut the garden gate
Of Heaven on ony. L. DOTEN.

* Stop, stop.

JESUS CHRIST THE SON OF GOD, NOT GOD.

BY GEORGE LUCAS.

I.—*Christ never taught the doctrine of his Supreme Godhead.* But if he was Deity himself, is not this unaccountable? When Jehovah spake of his own nature and character, no room was left for uncertainty respecting the personal application and meaning of his words. Hear them: "Thus saith Jehovah, Besides me there is no god. I know not any." Jesus never made a personal application of such language as this. He refers all such dignity to another—to the Father. How is this? Because he knew the Father only was Jehovah. If we attend carefully to the words of Jesus, in the very portions of scripture where it is affirmed, by some modern teachers, that he represented himself as Deity, it will be found that no such conclusion is justified by any language he employed. Nay, it will appear that he even repudiated all such interpretations of his teachings as misconstructions; and was especially careful, when referring to his own dignity, to bring into view the higher glory of the Father, from whom his own distinction was derived. Jesus never claims anything by self-originated authority. It is very important to notice this, as it is observable in all his teachings.

It will further appear on investigation, that there is not one portion of the Scriptures which has been pressed into the service of the Trinitarian argument, which has not been surrendered as valueless for such a purpose even by Trinitarian critics and divines of the highest standing. If anyone doubts the truth of this statement, he should do so no longer, after consulting Wilson's "Concessions of Trinitarians."

II.—*If Christ was the Supreme God, who should have known it better than the first preachers of Christianity?* What do we find on turning to the sermons of these preachers, who were disciplined by Jesus himself? If we read the Acts of the Apostles, in all the discourses preached by the Christ-appointed expounders of himself and his teachings, not one word can be found there which points out Christ as the Supreme Deity. There is one passage which was claimed for such a purpose, but it has been long ago conceded

—we refer to Acts xx. 28. Can modern preachers inform us better who Jesus was, than the apostles themselves? Are they more anxious to make the truth known respecting Jesus, than the apostolic preachers were? We may safely conclude they are not. But how is it that the latter seldom preach without setting Christ forth as the Supreme God, while the preachers directly instructed by the Master do not even hint in one of their sermons at such a doctrine? The reason is plain, if we will understand it. The doctrine of the Godhead of Christ is not derived from the teachings of Christ, nor from the sermons of the apostolic preachers of Christianity. The apostles do not appear to have attempted to make a single convert to such a doctrine, by their public ministrations, among either Jews or Gentiles. This fact has to be explained. If such a doctrine is true, it will not do to suppose the apostles did not understand it—nor that they feared to proclaim it—nor that it was considered by them to be unimportant. If they did not preach it, modern preachers should not. That they did not is certain, if we have an epitome of their discourses in "The Book of Acts."

III.—*Let us suppose that Jesus was the Supreme God, and that the disciples really knew he was absolute Deity.* We have now a few matters to account for.

1. How came they to be astonished when they saw him heal the diseased—walk upon the waves—call the dead to life—rise from the tomb himself? Could they have reasonably expected less than this manifestation of goodness, wisdom and power from the Deity? Certainly not! But we find the disciples were astonished, not only at the doings, but equally so at the sayings, of Jesus. It is therefore clear they had no conception that he was any more than one come from heaven, commissioned by God to be the Messiah. This was their highest faith; and frequently it sunk below even that.

2. If the disciples regarded Jesus as the Supreme God, must they not have been confounded when they discovered that he hungered and thirsted—anticipated his own death and burial—was tempted and distressed, and constantly referred to a higher origin than himself

as the source of his own knowledge, wisdom and power? How is it that we find no such utterances as these made by the disciples?

"Can the Deity be hungry or thirsty?"

"Can Jehovah die and be buried?"

"Can the King immortal and invisible be tempted and distressed?"

"Can the Omnipotent be weary and faint?"

Surely, if Jesus had conveyed to the disciples the idea that he was the Supreme Deity, a host of inquiries such as these would have had to be met by him at every turn. But they are not found in the sacred history. How is this? We know of but one reasonable way of accounting for their absence—the disciples did not regard Jesus as God—only as "the Son of God with power;" and this explains all. It is not conceivable that the disciples—any more than ourselves, had Jesus appeared in our own age—could have ascribed to such a person the infinite attributes of Jehovah.

IV.—*Jesus prayed to God.* How was this? Should one solicit aid who was himself the source and centre of all power? Those who profess to understand such matters, will have it that his petitions to God are simply proofs of his humanity, but in no way invalidate his supreme Deity. Be it so. But, if Christ was absolutely God, he was not the less so because he was human too. If he was really infinite, nothing could make him otherwise. If Jesus was Deity at all, he was so even when he offered up his prayers for help. To whom then did he pray? Was it to the Supreme Deity joined to the humanity, or to the Father—the Absolute? It is clear that infinite power was not a conscious presence with Christ, when he cried out—"O my Father, if it be possible (knowledge absent), let this cup pass from me (conscious fear); nevertheless, not as I will (because I am the servant), but as Thou wilt." Prayer on the part of Jesus, for ever puts to silence—if we could but see it—all dispute respecting his nature. He who appealed to a Power beyond himself, had no consciousness that the needed strength was in himself. Evidently, he regarded himself as inferior to the source from whence he hoped to derive the needed supply. Had Jesus been in any conceiv-

able sense the Infinite, prayer with him had not been possible. Prayer must ever imply conscious weakness—humble dependence—the acknowledgment of superior supplies apart from the supplicant. This is the spirit in which Jesus lived constantly. His whole life was one perpetual appeal to the Father—"Not my will, but Thine be done." If Jesus Christ had been the Supreme God, prayer might have been with equal propriety directed by the Father to the Son, as by Christ to the Father. If both were equal, each was equally able to serve himself, or equally required service. Do we find Christ in his humanity crying to Christ the Deity to impart the desired aid? Not so. How is this, if Christ was Jehovah's equal? Alas! Orthodoxy confounds everything. But Jesus clears away the mist, and sets us free. Christ was not God—he was "the Son of God." Viewed from this point, we have harmony from that confusion.

V.—*Jesus Christ possessed none of the attributes which are essential to God.*

1. Is eternal duration an attribute of Deity?

Christ was "the Son of God." Of what value is our common sense to us, if we are not to ascribe to the Father an existence prior to that of the Son? Surely the language of Scripture is not intended as a snare to the human understanding! Those who deduce an argument for the eternity of the Word from the 1st chapter of John's Gospel, will find no warrant there for their conclusion that the Word was eternal. The declaration is, not that "the Word" was the eternal Deity, but that "the Word" was "in the beginning with God." The language has an evident relation to time, and leaves the infinite space before "the beginning" entirely undetermined. From such premises, to demand for "the Word" an existence infinitely anterior to "the beginning," is to travel immeasurably beyond the record. It will be found that those scriptures employed in proof of the eternity of Christ's duration, in any sense, terminate—where there is any application at all—in his pre-existence, not in his unlimited existence. His pre-existence is plainly taught; but the eternity of his existence is neither asserted nor necessarily implied—it is reached by inference only.

2. Is limitless knowledge an attribute of Deity? The knowledge possessed by Jesus was not limitless: it was limited. He who should be our authority, declared that himself. He did not know the time when his own prediction would be accomplished; that knowledge belonged to God only. When solicited by his own disciples for information, he declared that neither man, angel nor himself knew of the day, nor the hour, when the predicted event would occur. His Father only possessed that knowledge (see Mark xiii. 32). If this does not clearly imply absence of knowledge, what words could be sufficient to do so? It is said that these words were uttered by Jesus "as a man—as a man he did not know, but as God he did." To such subterfuges are men conducted by this lame theology. Pity it is that we should set "the Light of the World" before us as one capable of such double-dealing towards the sincere men who honestly solicited instruction from his lips! The question was a fair one, and it was clearly and fittingly put; and to suppose that Jesus could tell his disciples that he did not know, when he, of all persons in the universe (on the Trinitarian view), did know, is to reduce his character down to the level of a crafty quibbler, who would be unworthy the respect of any straightforward mind. What kind of morality would this be to present to the pure, truth-loving disciples? The question was not, did he know in his human nature, but simply, when would the transaction take place? The answer was an emphatic declaration that he could not tell them—the Father alone could. If the Father possessed knowledge which the Son did not possess—as it is plain he did—then the knowledge of the Son was certainly limited. This is the necessary conclusion; but it involves the surrender of the whole question of the Deity of Christ.

3. Is limitless power an attribute of Deity? Jesus had no such power. All his power was "given" to him (Matthew xxviii. 18).

If "given," he could not possess it from eternity as a necessity. If he received power, a time was when he had it not. The source from whence it was imparted possessed that which the receiver did not possess. Jesus never

uttered a word which is not in perfect accord with the declaration, "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do" (John v. 19).

Christ the Son of God! It is affirmed by many Trinitarians, that the words "Son of God," mean, Christ was God. It has been put thus—"As the son of a man is a man, so the Son of God is God." Well, then, be it so! What follows? Is a man's son as old as a man's father? Does not a man's son derive his all from his father? Is not a man's son as distinct an individuality as his father? What have we now before us? An entire refutation of the doctrine of the Trinity—two Gods—one a senior, the other a junior. And the second God derived from the first! Does this help the case? Alas! no!

CONCLUSION.

To Christians, what inquiry can be more intensely interesting than this—Who was Jesus Christ? But few professors of Christianity have even attempted to conduct it in a manner calculated to reach intelligent conclusions respecting the great foundation of our divine religion. How many of us have taken the trouble to collect all those portions of Christ's teachings together, wherein he uttered anything relating to himself—having carefully considered his words, with a special reference to their connection, and the points he evidently intended to impress upon the minds of his hearers? We are not to imagine it possible to obtain a comprehensive view of this question by hearing sermons or by reading books. Both may greatly aid us; but our abiding and really serviceable knowledge respecting Christ will alone be obtained by personally considering his own words—pondering them patiently, honestly and devoutly. This question—Who was Jesus Christ?—must be decided by the book, and not before it has been fairly examined. We should ever remember (what we are apt not to remember) that the foremost teacher of Christianity is Christ himself! Paul, Peter, John—all these highly and deservedly exalted names, must be seen at the feet of the Master. With the words of Christ before us, we greatly err when we turn to any other authority for instruction in Christianity. At least, our

first desire should be to hear the words of the Master—to be left alone with “the light of the world.” Christ can teach the humble spirit more valuable lessons in one hour, than all other teachers can impart in an age. It was said of none but Christ—“This is my beloved Son, hear ye him.”

BABY AND I AT EVENING.

WE sit by the window, my baby and I,
In the fading sunset light,
Watching the darkness creep over the sky

Out of the eastern night;
We see the stars come trembling out
In the track of the fallen sun,
And we feel the quiet within and without,
That comes when the day is done.

What have we been doing all day, all day,
Since the rosy morning smiled?
Playing at work, and working at play;
God help us, mother and child!
But much I fear that those little hands
Have put me to shame to-day,
For God, who is earnest, understands
Truly our work and play.

I think of kindness left undone,
That might have brightened the day;
Of duties dreamed of, but never begun,
Scattered along my way;
You lie with peace in your violet eyes,
You have not learned regret;
For the sorrowful years that make us wise
Have not come to my baby yet.

And still, as I sit at this twilight hour,
At the close of a weary day,
Even sorrow and sin do not quite have
power

To keep a blessing away—
A blessing that falls like the dew from
heaven

On the parched and thirsty ground;
And in loving much because much is
forgiven,

My deeper peace is found.

Your life, my baby, is just begun,
And mine is growing old;

But we're children in the sight of One
Whose years are all untold.

He holds us both in his loving hand,
He pardons us all our sin,
And by-and-by to the same sweet land
He will gently let us in.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE SHEPHERD BOY.

AN APOLOGUE.

A RICH traveller in an Eastern country was one day passing through a lovely plain, watered by crystal streams and luxuriant with flowery herbage. He had left the city behind, and though care was on his brow, and his thoughts returned to his gold, he could not but look round him with a pleasurable feeling, such as seldom visited his sordid heart. Suddenly he came upon a shepherd boy, who carelessly reclined upon the velvet sward; his crook was lying beside him, and his sheep, tired of grazing, lay sleeping at his feet.

The traveller curbed his prancing steed and thus addressed him:

“Methinks thou leadest a useless life, friend, in this quiet valley, with naught to care for but these lazy sheep, and scarcely would they go astray with this sweet grass to crop, and yon clear stream to give them drink.”

“Providence has placed me here,” replied the youth modestly, “and I strive to do my duty, though, may be, it is an humble one.”

“Listen to me,” returned the traveller; “thou art a comely youth, and might make thy fortune in a city life. Hast thou no ambition?”

“None,” replied the boy; “it belongs not to our lowly race. My father tended sheep before me, and in a good old age he resigned his crook to me, and lay down thankfully and died. Peacefully and innocently my days pass along; no cares disturb me; I eat my bread in quietness, and at night sleep in safety.”

“And thou art contented?”

“Allah is great,” returned the youth; “why should I seek for more than he has given me? I know no want, and my heart is full of happiness.”

“Foolish youth,” replied the stranger scornfully—“if thou wouldst rise from thy ignoble station, follow me, and I will place thee where thou mayest gather wealth untold,—enough to fill thy poor cabin, where thou art contented to doze thy life away, even as thy fathers did before thee.”

The youth looked at the rich stranger

with surprise, but no pleasure mantled on his cheek.

"I have much wealth," resumed the traveller after a moment's pause, "and the care of it fills me with perplexity. All around me are selfish and avaricious, —I dare not trust them—I seek some one in whom I can confide, and thy countenance is honest and pleases me. If thou wilt live with me and be faithful, thou shalt be richly rewarded. I have no heir, and when Allah calls me away thy services shall not be forgotten."

The youth's countenance assumed a thoughtful expression.

"I must leave you now," continued the stranger; "my gold will tempt the cupidity of my servants, and in my absence they will rob me. Think of what I have said,—to-morrow I will return for thee."

"And what service am I to render thee?" asked the boy; "for I am ignorant of the ways of men, and know little of the value of wealth."

"I have those about me whom I cannot trust," he replied; "suspicion dwells under my roof, and all look on my gold with envy. I would test thy honesty, and make thee keeper of my treasures."

"Allah forbid!" returned the youth. "My lowly roof covers no gold, but it shelters loving hearts; we rest in safety, fearing no rapacious plunderer, for we have naught to tempt his avarice. Better is my poverty with security and content, than thy wealth surrounded by anxiety and snares."

The stranger vainly sought to change his resolution; he had conceived a liking for the youth, and being himself the slave of suspicion, and envied for his hoarded wealth, which benefited no living soul, he longed earnestly for a faithful heart to share his anxiety and relieve him of the weight of care.

The shepherd boy saw the rich stranger depart without regret, or a single wish to follow him. At night he gathered his sheep into the fold, and lay down to sleep in happy security, thankful that he had resisted all temptation to quit the home and occupation of his childhood.

The rich man lay down in his sumptuous bed, which avarice had planted with thorns; and at midnight his servants rose and robbed him of all his treasure,

leaving him bound and destitute, and obliged to seek from others that aid which in his prosperity he had never bestowed on a single child of want. He sought the cell of a Dervise, and ended his days in poverty and vain regret.

The shepherd boy, when he heard the fate of the haughty traveller, blessed Allah that he had given him contentment and no superfluous wealth; and after a tranquil life, his days closed, as they first began, in the enjoyment of a shepherd's peaceful life.

QUESTIONS TO A SERIOUS TRINITARIAN.

1. SHOULD you not have expected beforehand that the doctrine of the Trinity would be as clearly revealed in the Scriptures as the doctrine of the Divine Unity?

2. Was it not quite as necessary that the doctrine of the Trinity should be made known in the Old Testament, as in the New? Or rather, would it not have been more natural that the doctrine should be specially stated and explained in the *Old Testament*,—that being the first revelation and the foundation of the second, or *New*?

3. Suppose a plurality of divine persons to be taught or admitted in the *Old Testament*; how does this prove the doctrine of the *Trinity*? Is it not, at least, as favourable to the combination or union of *any other number* of persons? But would not this have been an apology for, if not an assertion of Polytheism, which the Jewish institution was expressly established to oppose and rebuke?

4. Were not the Jews in early ages prone to leave the doctrine of the Divine Unity? But is it known that they ever believed in a Trinity? With their proneness to multiply Divine Persons, is not their never discovering the Trinity good evidence that the language of their sacred books does not countenance the notion?

5. Since the captivity in Babylon, have not the Jews been steady, almost to a miracle, in their profession and observance in worship of the Unity of Jehovah? Have they not always considered the Unity to be as much in opposition to

the Trinity, as to the "gods many" of the Heathen? And are they not most likely to understand the true sense of their own language?

6. In a divine revelation, and particularly in the first divine revelation, is not the declaration that God is One, equivalent to a declaration that he is not more than One, that he is not two, or three, or any greater number?

7. If the doctrine of the Trinity be true, it must be granted to be of supreme importance; but was it not always equally important? Why then was it not so plainly revealed, that no man receiving divine revelation could overlook or deny it?

8. But has not the doctrine of the Trinity been objected to, *on the ground of divine revelation*, from the first moment it is known to have been suggested to the present, when the pen of the writer is stating these questions?

9. Yet, on the same ground, was the doctrine of the Divine Unity ever denied *in words* by any believer?

10. Who ever doubted whether the Creed, falsely attributed to *Athanasius*, teaches the doctrine of the Trinity? And why is it doubted whether the Bible teaches the same doctrine, but because it is not laid down, at least, so plainly in the Bible as in the Athanasian Creed?

11. But is it not an impeachment of the Divine wisdom and goodness, and a denial of the sufficiency of Scripture, to allow that a doctrine, like that of the Trinity, necessary to be believed in order to salvation, was left comparatively obscure through a series of ages of divine communications to man, and was only put so clearly as not to admit of mistake by an uninspired, nameless and deceiving writer of the 4th, 5th or 6th century of the Christian era?

12. Have not some of the most learned Trinitarians confessed that the doctrine of the Trinity cannot be proved from the Old Testament only?

13. Is there a Trinitarian in existence who would trust himself to, or content himself with, the language of the Bible in the statement of his creed?

14. But amongst Protestants, at least, who acknowledge and boast of the sufficiency and awful importance of the Bible, would any man leave the language of the

Bible, if he were not satisfied that it will not serve his purpose? Otherwise, to prefer human to divine words, the words of man's wisdom to those which the Holy Ghost teacheth, would not this be impiety?

15. Grant danger in doctrines — is there not as great danger in believing God to be Three when he is only One, as in believing him to be One when, in some mysterious sense, he is also Three? May not the One God be jealous of his honour, and resent the giving of his glory to another?

16. Has the Trinity ever been properly the *Catholic* doctrine (as called in the spurious Athanasian Creed), and not rather a *Roman Catholic* doctrine?

17. What has the antiquity of the doctrine to do with its truth? Polytheism was before the Trinity; and is not the worship of the Virgin Mary as old as the worship of the Trinity? That is, does not Ecclesiastical History make us acquainted with the latter species of *idolatry* as soon as the former?

18. In reference to the term *idolatry* used in the last question, let it be further asked, whether, if the doctrine of the Trinity be not revealed in Scripture, it be not *idolatrous*, as substituting the creature for the Creator, and placing on the throne of the Ever-living Father, one Person who is *begotten* (!) and another who is *proceeding*? And ought not this consideration to weigh with those that desire to *know what they worship*, and to *worship THE FATHER in spirit and in truth*?

Let the sober and pious Trinitarian, under whose eye these pages may fall, revolve the above questions in his mind, and hereafter more matter shall be suggested for his serious meditation.

A TRINITARIAN BY EDUCATION, BUT
A SCRIPTURIST BY CONVICTION.

SOMETHING TO START WITH.—A lady teacher of the slaves at Beaufort, N. C., tells the following little story:—An old Negro, eighty years old, was among her most assiduous and earnest pupils. She said to him one day, "Uncle, what use is there in your trying to learn to read at your age? You can't have much more time to stay in this world." "Wall, missus," replied he, "t'will be so much clare gain to give me a start in the next world."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

NO GOOD FROM PASSION.—“Will putting one’s-self in a passion mend the matter?” said an old man to a boy who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog only barked at him in play. “Yes, it will mend the matter,” said the passionate boy, and quickly dashed the stone at the dog. The animal, thus enraged, sprang at the boy and bit his leg, while the stone bounded against a shop window and broke a pane of glass. Out ran the shop-keeper and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane. He had mended the matter finely indeed! Take my word for it, it never did and it never will mend the matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger. If you have met with a loss, you will only increase it by losing your temper. There is something which is very little-minded and silly in giving way to sudden passion. Do set yourself against it with all your heart. Try, then, to be calm, especially in trifling troubles; and when greater ones come, try to bear them bravely.

WHO WAS RIGHT?—James was a happy, playful, noisy boy. He delighted in that kind of sport which made the most stir and resulted in some kind of demonstration. One day his mother lost all her patience and cried out to him, “James, stop your noise and sit down quietly for the next hour, or I will punish you!” “Why, mother,” said he, “I can’t keep still. You couldn’t punish me in no way so bad as to make me keep still. I’d burst right open, I know I would, if I couldn’t run and laugh and get the noise out of me.” Be patient, good parents, and if you are blessed with boys that have a good deal of noise in them, let it come out. Such are the boys that will make a stir in the world, if you give them a chance.

PRAISING AND BLAMING.—Bulwer, in his new volume of Essays, comments on the effect of dispensing praise as well as of inflicting habitual censure, and says, with the air of a true philosopher, “It seems to me that the habit of seeking rather to praise than to blame operates favourably not only on the happiness and the temper, but on the whole moral character of those who form it. It is a great corrective of envy, that most common infirmity of active intellects engaged in competitive strife, and the impulse of which is always toward the disparagement of another; it is also a strong counterbalancing power to that inert cynicism which is apt to creep over men not engaged in competition, and which leads them to debase the level of their own humanity in the contempt with which it regards what may be good or great in those who are so engaged. In short, a predisposition to see what is best in others necessarily calls out our own more amiable qualities; and, on the other hand, a predisposition to discover what is bad keeps in activity our meaner and more malignant.”

THE JEWS.—The Wilna Messenger states that, according to the latest calculations made, the number of Jews now amounts to 7,000,000, about one-half of whom reside in Europe. Russia contains the most, 1,220,000; next comes Austria, 853,000; then Prussia, 284,500, and other countries of Germany together, 192,000. One remarkable fact is, that in France, Belgium and England, where the Jews are entirely emancipated, the number is gradually decreasing, while in those countries where they are still subjected to a certain restraint they increase.—We differ with the writer of the above. The statistics of France, Belgium and England, prove the contrary. In America, where the greatest religious freedom exists, the gradual advance of Judaism and the increased number of the members of the Jewish faith is so self-evident to any observer, as to set aside as untrue the theory advanced by the writer of the above, “that religious freedom is antagonistic to the progress of Judaism.”—*Jewish Record*.

WHY SHE WAS EARLY.—A woman who used always to attend public worship with great punctuality, and took care to be always in time, was asked how it was she could always come so early. She answered very wisely, “It is a part of my religion not to disturb the religion of others.”

PRUDENTIAL ALGEBRA.—A most curious expedient was his moral or prudential algebra, as he called it. When asked by Dr. Priestley how he made up his mind when strong and numerous arguments were presented for both of two proposed lines of conduct, he replied: “My way is, to divide half a sheet of paper by a line into two columns; writing over the one *pro*, and over the other *con*; then during three or four days’ consideration, I put down under the different heads short hints of the different motives that at different times occur to me, *for* or *against* the measure. When I have thus got them all together in one view, I endeavour to estimate their respective weights; and where I find two (one on each side) that seem equal, I strike them both out. If I find a reason *pro* equal to some two reasons *con*, I strike out the *three*. If I judge some two reasons *con* equal to some three reasons *pro*, I strike out the *five*; and thus proceeding, I find where the *balance* lies; and if, after a day or two of farther consideration, nothing new that is of importance occurs on either side, I come to a determination accordingly.” He added, that he had derived great help from equations of this kind, which at least rendered him less liable to take rash steps.

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